

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE *Nation*

NOVEMBER 12, 1955

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PROGRESS AT GENEVA

by Arnold Adams

Nationalism and Colonialism (III)

by Edgar Snow

Are Consumer Debts Dangerously High?

by Jules Backman

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● The California political situation has clarified a bit in the last few weeks. A new assurance is to be noted in communiques from the Nixon camp; recent private polls indicate that the Vice-President is a strong favorite with both Republican officials and the rank-and-file. Apparently Governor Goodwin J. Knight made a mistake in being so vocal, at such an early date, in his opposition to Nixon. The effect was to permit the pro-Nixon elements to work the Governor over on the score of party unity. Knowland said in a recent speech that he did not consider "a toothpaste smile, a ready quip, an actor's perfection with lines," or an ability to avoid issues as qualifications for high office, and strongly implied that he would enter the California primary.

● Encouraged by polls which give Adlai Stevenson a 2-to-1 lead over Senator Kefauver, the pro-Stevenson elements confronted Carmine De Sapio, New York Tammany leader, with something like a fait accompli when he arrived in San Francisco on October 12. The following day the official Democratic leadership released wires and messages urging Stevenson to enter the California primary. Among the signers were several members of Kefauver's 1952 delegation, including Representative Chet Holifield. But the old-line conservative Democrats—the elements for whom John B. Elliott and Ed Pauley have long been the spokesmen—are critical of the official leadership; Mr. Elliott contends, for example, that their activity violates the spirit of the direct-primary law. California's puzzle-of-the-week, however, is why Attorney General Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown has bowed out as a candidate for the Democratic senatorial nomination. This is a real puzzle since Mr. Brown, who is a Stevenson follower, would almost certainly have defeated Senator Thomas Kuchel, the Republican incumbent.

The withdrawal of Mr. Brown from the race has given renewed impetus to the movement to induce Robert M. Hutchins to become a candidate. Sam

Yorty, defeated by Kuchel in 1954, has already announced that he will seek the Democratic nomination—another circumstance which has made the pro-Hutchins elements bestir themselves.

● Speaking of the Times, what is one to say of the news from Moscow that Mr. and Mrs. Norman Chandler—Norman is publisher of the Times—have invited the Bolshoi Theater ballet to visit Los Angeles? According to these dispatches, Mr. Chandler made it clear that members of the ballet would not have to put up with any State Department nonsense about "fingerprinting" or anything of the sort. A news item like this makes me feel like an Old Bolshevik. It was not so long ago when the Times would have skinned alive any Southern Californian bold enough to extend such an invitation.

● The House Committee on Un-American Activities staged one of its few genial sessions during its two-hour interrogation of the actor, Zero Mostel, in Los Angeles. When Representative Clyde Doyle, Democrat, from Long Beach, made his by-now-familiar "fervent plea" to Mr. Mostel to disavow his beliefs, Mostel replied: "My dear friend, I believe in the antiquated idea that a man is in his profession because of his ability and not because of his political beliefs." Next witness was Representative Donald Jackson, Republican, Santa Monica (why is it, incidentally, that the Southern California beach communities spawn these inquisitorial types in such profusion?). Mr. Jackson thought it passing strange that a fine upstanding American like Mostel should appear on the same program with such disagreeable types as Dalton Trumbo and Dorothy Parker. "If I appeared there and interpreted a butterfly at rest," Mostel replied, "there is no crime in making anybody laugh." Everyone did laugh. Even the reporter who covered the hearing must have been amused for he turned in one of the few relaxed and friendly accounts of an Un-American hearing that the Los Angeles Times has ever carried—a consequence, no doubt, of the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Chandler at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow.

● A curious "little cold war" is being waged over a rich oil pool in the Buraimi Oasis in southeastern Arabia. The oasis lies in an ill-defined border region between Saudi Arabia, which has just joined the Syrian-Egyptian mutual-aid military pact, and the pro-British sheikhdom of Abu Dhabi and the Sultanate of Muscat. The British contend that

Saudi Arabia recently offered a \$90,000,000 bribe to a local sheik if the Arabian American Oil Company were permitted to take over the Buraimi pool. The dispute, of course, is actually between Aramco (American-controlled) on the one hand, and the British-controlled Iraq Petroleum on the other. American oil prospectors, escorted by Saudi Arabian troopers, have been ousted from the oasis after an exchange of shots. A pretty situation that will bear watching.

● With great fanfare Premier Ngo Dinh Diem has proclaimed a new republic after defeating Bao Dai as chief of state in "an overwhelming victory" at the polls; Mr. Diem received 98.2 per cent of the vote. Church bells pealed, a twenty-three gun salute was fired, and France, Great Britain, and the United States promptly recognized the new republic in South Vietnam. But Takashi Oka, in one of the few good news accounts of the election (Christian Science Monitor, October 24), reports that Mr. Diem won but "half a victory." Urban areas voted, the rural areas did not. The villagers have been having a fine time lately in South Vietnam. Many of their landlords have fled to the cities and rents which formerly ranged as high as 50 per cent of the main crops have been reduced or in some cases have gone uncollected. "It is recalled," to quote from this account, "that during the Indo-China war the French held all major cities and still were defeated by Ho Chi-minh's peasant-based forces."

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Nationalism-Colonialism: The New Challenge (III)

by Edgar Snow

This is the concluding section of a three-part editorial by Mr. Snow, who spent more than twenty years as a foreign correspondent in Europe and Asia and who is the author of "The Battle for Asia," "Pattern of Soviet Power," and other books.

IN TWO EARLIER pieces in this space we examined some reasons why it is becoming mandatory for America to plan a new and vastly more effective role for itself in helping to advance the economic, social, and political progress of the many millions of people dwelling in various colonial, ex-colonial, and other underdeveloped areas of the world. Paradoxically this challenge seems to become more acute as the fear of atomic war recedes. For the (non-Communist) "needy" areas are still regarded in Marxist terminology as "victims of imperialist exploitation" and legitimate targets for rebellion and class revolution. This applies to countries as far apart in history as India and Bechuanaland and the new Soviet approach, like the old, does not despair of ultimate success in both.

We have realized by now that the metamorphosis of Cold War I into competitive coexistence does not and cannot end ideological rivalry. It intensifies its continuation by other means. It signifies the vigorous reentry of Russia, accompanied by new European and Asian partners, into the world market and the struggle for access to its resources. Today Communists have more to sell than propaganda or obsolete guns to activate "contradictions in the enemy camp," as in the case of Egypt. With the greatest industrial plant in Europe at their disposal, and the largest cadres of technicians, they are assaulting the big market with everything from dynamos to offers of Russian teachers or Intourist deals. From North Africa to Japan Soviet business men threaten to buttress Communist ideological competition with economic infiltration. Western powers can ignore or underestimate them only at their own peril.

But many thoughtful people in Europe and America today clearly see also that Communists cannot create revolutions. They can only reap the harvest of the colonial system. Even without any incentive to contain or modify communism, however, certain inner compulsions of the Western democratic states themselves emphatically oblige us to help speed up the attainment of

self-government in all remaining colonies, as well as the modernization of other economically backward areas on a far greater scale than heretofore. This is, of course, partly because if disarmament does come, or arms expenditures are stabilized at a reduced level, other ways must be found for disposing of the thirty to forty billion dollars worth of industrial production which have been annually absorbed in making playthings for the Pentagon. But it is fundamentally more because the inequalities and inequities of the colonial system are now anachronisms whose limited life span has suddenly become apparent to all. The contradictions of democracy and imperialism, the myths of the superior race—the "silent lies," as Mark Twain called them—have caught up with us even in Africa. "This conference," said Paul-Henri Spaak at the U. N. meeting in San Francisco last June, "has fully convinced me that the complete equality of all races with all of its natural consequences has become a reality. Any contemporary statesman who refuses to admit this will make many mistakes." And Mr. Spaak is the foreign minister of a nation with the richest black empire of them all—Belgium.

TODAY'S world has shrunk too much, our neighbors' problems are too inextricably our own, our lives and futures too dependent upon retaining access to a few vital minerals of the atomic age, everybody's security is too patently conditioned by the orderly accommodation of rapid change for us to avoid becoming more and more literally our brothers' keepers. We have no power in Morocco but French blunders there may deeply embroil us in costly troubles in other Moslem domains. We are not responsible for South Africa yet the Union's *apartheid* policy injures our relations with dark-skinned peoples everywhere else.

"What the United States ought to do," John Gunther concludes in his vast and fascinating report on Africa's insides, "is to take a much bolder position, announce its unshakeable faith in freedom for all peoples, and enormously multiply our assistance to Africa in fields of technical aid, education, and the like." And Chester Bowles, a former ambassador to India and potential big man in any Democratic Administration, has reached a similar conclusion after extensive travels in Africa

and Asia on his own. In his fine book, "The New Dimensions of Peace," he states that we "must emphatically and meaningfully change our public image as seen by colonial peoples. We must seize the recurring opportunities to reestablish our anti-colonial heritage. . . . It is the spirit of Lincoln that the world expects from us."

But actually how do you, in practice, "enormously multiply our assistance to colonial Africa"—where we have no authority whatever—without arousing suspicions among our allies that we intend to seize their empires? Already French residents in Algiers blame us for all their troubles there. How do we persuade equally suspicious Indians and Burmese that they can now accept our economic and technical assistance without endangering their independence or relations with their fearful Red neighbors on the North? Assuming, that is, that Congress itself is persuaded, and can persuade the American people, that helping the "needy nations" on a big scale is an investment in peace bound to pay off for our children far better than the 300 billions spent on World War II and sixty billions or so used up since then arming our allies.

First, the beginning certainly has to be a firm return to the principle of self-determination—"freedom for all peoples," as Gunther says. That and our faith in the doctrines of human equality and democratic processes set forth in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are all the "ideology" we really possess. When we forget that or repudiate it in cynical pursuit of security built solely on combinations of force we have nothing left to put on the marketplace of ideas. That has been proved again and again.

It is the soundest basis we can find for a foreign policy today, if consistently adhered to; simply because people are more important than bombs and machines. In the end they always decide the fate of the lands they live in. It is sound because a free United States has proved sounder than a colonial America—just as a free India and free Burma are today better assets to peace and progress than they were as colonies.

If we really believe in this—self-determination, "freedom for all peoples"—then we shall have to uphold it not only in the pulpit and at press conferences but in the United Nations and NATO and Geneva. We should then have to join the Asian-African bloc in demanding a public airing of legitimate grievances raised by non-self-governing peoples before the United Nations. We should have to support the move to extend to them also the right of petition now guaranteed by the United Nations Charter to the trusteeship territories. This would mean voting against our European allies from time to time, of course—but it would presumably be for their own good, in working toward evolutionary rather than revolutionary change. On the other hand we could be offering the colonial powers themselves very widely increased access to our own production, capital, and technique in cooperation with their plans for preparing Africans for full citizenship.

Second, the United States could dramatize both the size of the whole problem and of its own readiness to meet it on a high plane by forming a new federal agency to plan world development and the expansion of freedom. It could be something on a cabinet level, perhaps a special assistantship to the President ranking with Mr. Stassen's post. Or are emancipation and development less vital to human progress than disarmament? Are they not, in fact, complementary—or at least the one the corollary of the other?

Such an agency could be responsible for the planning of all American governmental economic, technical, and cultural aid extended to the kind of areas we have been talking about. It could coordinate such work with the plans of other countries and international agencies as well. Lord Boyd-Orr has suggested that all the great powers pledge themselves to contribute to a fund for development of the "poor" countries such sums of money—or the equivalents in production—as are lopped off from the present arms budgets as a result of any disarmament agreement. We could be the first country—through such a agency—officially to proclaim the adoption of this excellent idea.

THE WORLD Development Agency would in effect provide a general staff to plan for a universal war against ignorance, poverty, and disease just as we now have a general staff to plan the destruction of our neighbors by fire, pestilence, and gas. It could seek allies in all countries anxious to draw abreast of the opportunities now offered by science. It could team up with all independent nations represented at Bandung, for example, and offer them help in the speedy realization of their national plans aimed to raise the living standards of their peoples.

This novel new department could immeasurably enlarge the present picayune Point Four activity. It would extend and to some extent might supersede our role in the conventional operations of the International Bank for Reconstruction and the International Monetary Fund.

Such comprehensive planning would certainly have to be preceded by very extensive surveys, conferences, and consultations with all national, regional, and international planning agencies. It would have to find ways and means of reciprocal trade and perhaps ultimately change our whole concept of foreign trade—unavoidable in any case. Our government would have to abandon myths that it is not already "in business" and bound to get in deeper. We would be obliged to work out practical exchanges of our goods and services for imports of necessities and minor luxuries the distribution of which would not unbalance our domestic market.

Third, the United States could at the same time devote far more attention to all United Nations agencies now dealing with colonial questions on the economic, cultural, and political levels. These are principally the Trusteeship Council and the Committee on

Information for the Non-Self-Governing Territories. Neither has ever been taken as seriously here as in Asia and Africa. A policy of unequivocal support of the right of self-determination certainly ought to favor the idea of ultimate responsibility of all colonial powers to the United Nations. In this respect the United States fully could cooperate with the Eastern powers in seeking to establish that principle in the General Assembly and in the drafting of the U. N. Covenant. So far we have repeatedly either opposed or remained indifferent to moves in that direction.

Another U. N. agency useful to underdeveloped areas which we could be sponsoring and even leading, is the proposed Special U. N. Fund for Economic Development. Instead, our response to this appeal also has been half-hearted and negative because the participating nations declined to have the Fund utilized for cold-war purposes. "What the United States Congressmen cannot see," a U. N. delegate said to me the other day, "is that the struggle for colonial independence goes on quite outside the folklore of the East-West ideological struggle. Colonial and semi-colonial peoples can have only a passive part to play, at best, in this battle between the titans. It is only after a country has attained all the economic as well as political conditions of national freedom that it can become involved in such ideological conflict. For this reason nearly all Africa, and a great deal of Asia, honestly feel they have nothing much at stake in the outcome."

Such is the new challenge of nationalism and colonialism in the underdeveloped countries which hold well over half the world's population today. The task of raising them to the level of full national freedom—and responsible world citizenship—is still very formidable. State Attorney General Jacob K. Javits of New York started a foreign-policy conference by declaring that our contribution to "a program of peaceful economic competition with the Communists" might run to an investment of 100 billion dollars or more over the next two decades. It should begin at once, he thinks, by increasing our economic contribution in Asia to three or four billion dollars annually—in order to "take the economic offensive on a far broader scale than anything yet contemplated."

The cold war may be over—but the expense of coexistence is just beginning!

The Shape of Things

Civil Liberties: Some Tactical Gains

With customary doggedness, the courts are gradually forcing congressional inquisitors to exhibit a measure of respect for the rights of citizens. In dismissing four counts in an indictment for contempt against Leon J. Kamin, Judge Bailey Aldrich of the federal district court in Boston assailed congressional "fishing expeditions." "A fishing expedition," Judge Aldrich ob-

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served, "would seem to be a proper description of the government's contention that a question is pertinent if an answer might reveal further sources of information which, if pursued, might eventually lead to a pertinent inquiry." In Washington another contempt citee, Lawrence Baker Arguimbau, formerly a teacher at M. I. T., won at least a moral victory when Judge James W. Morris suspended payment of a fine and jail sentence. Without claiming the protection of the Fifth Amendment, Arguimbau had admitted former membership in the Communist Party but had refused to name names. In another contempt trial in Washington, Harvey O'Connor scored a tactical triumph in a clear-cut defense of his principled position before Judge Joseph C. McGarraghy. Not only was Senator McCarthy subjected to a searching and most revealing cross-examination for perhaps the first time, but Judge McGarraghy declined to force O'Connor to answer in court the same questions about his political beliefs that he had declined to answer before the Senate subcommittee. A decision in the O'Connor case is expected soon. It may be too early to cheer but judicial resistance to the usurpation of power by inquisitorial congressional committees seems to be stiffening.

The Right of Confrontation

The Department of Justice's position that the accused is not entitled to face his accuser in loyalty-security cases has been badly shaken by the decision of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals enjoining enforcement by the coast guard of its "screening" regulations. The seamen who brought the action had been told that the burden was on them to prove that they were entitled to clearance documents despite the fact that they knew neither the names of their accusers nor the specific nature of the so-called "derogatory information." The chairman of the appeals board which had heard their case frankly stated that he did not know the names of the accusers nor did he know who had evaluated their information or the means used to evaluate it.

Conceding that some screening procedure would be justified, Judge Walter Pope, who wrote the majority opinion for the Court of Appeals, then raised the basic question: "Is this system of secret informers, whisperers, and talebearers of such vital importance to the public welfare that it must be preserved at the cost of denying the citizen even a modicum of the protection traditionally associated with due process?" Here is Judge Pope's answer to the question and to the contention, heard so often these last few years, that disclosure of the identity of informers might dry up certain sources of information:

... Surely it is better than these agencies [such as the F. B. I.] suffer some handicap than that the citizens of a freedom-loving country shall be denied that which has always been considered their birthright. Indeed, it may well be that in the long run nothing but beneficial results will come from a lessening of such talebearing. ... In considering the public interest in the preserva-

tion of a system under which unidentified informers are encouraged to make unchallengeable statements about their neighbors, it is not amiss to bear in mind whether or not we must look forward to a day when substantially every one will have to contemplate the possibility that his neighbors are being encouraged to make reports to the F. B. I. about what he says, what he reads, and what meetings he attends. It may be possible that we have reached an age when our system of Constitutional freedom and individual rights cannot hold its own against those who, under totalitarian discipline, are prepared to infiltrate not only our public services, but our civilian employments as well. In the event of war we may have to anticipate Black Tom explosions on every waterfront, poison in our water systems, and sand in all important industrial machines. But the time has not come when we have to abandon a system of individual liberty for one modeled on that of the Communists. Such a system was not that ordained by the framers of our Constitution. It is the latter we are sworn to uphold.

In essence, the decision holds that refusal to disclose the identity of informers and, with some specificity, the nature of their charges, constitutes a denial of due process. Of major importance, the decision if appealed will provide the Supreme Court with an opportunity to sound the death knell of the informer system.

Buy American

Washington's foreign trade practices continue to be in glaring contrast with official pronouncements. Last year the tariff wall was raised to minimize competition from Swiss watchmakers. More recently, the Administration raised the tariff against foreign-made bicycles. In the wake of these irritating manifestations of economic isolationism, the low bid of a British firm to manufacture equipment for the Chief Joseph Dam was rejected. This is the second time the British firm—English Electric—has lost out to Westinghouse Electric Corporation on equipment for Chief Joseph; it was the low bidder for two generators and ten transformers in 1953. At the same time, Secretary of Agriculture Benson toured Europe seeking reactions to the Administration's plans for dumping government-owned surplus farm commodities in European markets. But if we are not prepared to let the British, who have lost \$1,500,000,000 in gold and foreign-exchange reserves since 1950 while West Germany was gaining \$2,500,000,000 in reserves for the same period, trade in American markets except under severe handicaps, American firms are reaching out eagerly, with apparent official approval, for new foreign markets—including some behind the Iron Curtain. According to *Business Week*, the board of General Motors, reversing an earlier policy, has told its executives that they are now authorized to sell non-strategic goods, specifically automobiles, to Soviet Russia and its European satellites. Also more and more American firms are hurdling European trade barriers to build branch plants abroad; "U. S. Firms' Factories Burgeon in Booming West German Cities" headlines the *Wall Street Journal* (September 8). It

is not surprising, therefore, that the *London Daily Express* should demand the resignation from the British Cabinet of the trade minister who supported America's liberal trade policies; these policies, the paper states, are "dead," killed by their own sponsor.

Fingers Through the Chain

The proposition that Russia's recent fishing in the troubled waters of the Middle East not only violates "the Geneva spirit," which is doubtless true, but that it somehow justifies "a new cold war," has won widespread editorial acceptance in the American press. But this comment has failed, by and large, to relate Soviet intrigue in the Middle East to Iran's adherence to the military alliance between Turkey, Iraq, Pakistan, and Great Britain. As Joseph C. Harsch points out in the *Christian Science Monitor*, the containment of Soviet Russia by a chain of military alliances was completed when Iran adhered to this treaty. Now, at least in theory, Russia is contained along its Western borders by NATO, in the east by the American alliance with Japan, Korea, and Formosa (and even more firmly, perhaps, by the new China), in the southeast by SEATO, and on the south by the newly-formed association of Moslem states. The completion of this chain of alliance, on which American strategic planners have been at work since 1949, just happened to cut across the pattern of new East-West relations at the moment when these relations were about to receive their first major test at the second Geneva conference. But should we be surprised that the completion of the military chain should have prompted the Soviets to extend "fingers" of infiltration through the chain's weakest links, in the Middle East? Unlike an iron curtain, as Mr. Harsch observes, a chain of military alliances, by being permeable, invites infiltration. In the chess game of power politics, infiltration by "fingers" is the logical move to counter encirclement by "chains." Once again American policy has apparently been formulated without adequate weight being given to the logical, and easily anticipated, consequences of our own tactical move. It is disingenuous to complain of tactics, however mischievous they may be, which stem logically from our own tactical designs.

NEXT WEEK IN THE NATION

The Middle-East crisis—its extent and portent:
An American view by Lillie Shultz, *The Nation's* expert on Middle-East affairs.

A British view by Jon Kimche, co-author of "The Secret Roads. The 'Illegal' Migration of a People, 1938-1948," and author of "Seven Fallen Pillars: The Middle East."

Here is an important contribution to enlightenment on one of the most dramatic developments of the year. Be sure to read it.

PROGRESS AT GENEVA

Detours to Agreement . . by *Arnold Adams*

Geneva, November 7
TWO IMPORTANT minimal results are already more or less assured halfway through this most business-like of all Big Four conferences to date.

First, it seems agreed that expert negotiations on various narrowed differences between East and West can fruitfully follow the present meeting. Such negotiations could keep the ball rolling until a fresh top-level phase is reached next year in a necessarily long chain of East-West conferences. Secondly, for the first time the principles of a workable European security treaty have been agreed upon on the basis of Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov's concessions, which were acclaimed as no Soviet move ever has been by Secretary Dulles. Even if the treaty remains shelved pending progress in future meetings on the stalled German reunification problem, the now patent possibility of devising mutually acceptable security measures will become a powerful factor in the search for further East-West understanding.

BUT it seems doubtful whether the second half of the conference can achieve considerable successes beyond these two long-term promises. Even the improvement of cultural, commercial, and other East-West contacts which are being discussed secretly in committee is proving tougher in practical detail than had been assumed, with progress largely dependent upon the outcome of the main issues: security, reunification, disarmament. Soviet denunciation of strategic trade restrictions and Western protestations against broadcast jamming have caused sharp clashes in committee and there is little enthusiasm on either side for formalizing the recent spontaneous expansion of contacts

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so long as there is no certainty that the cold war is really coming to an end on the main fronts. Well-informed observers expect no more than partial results sufficient to give some color to the final conference communiqué and to form a basis for continued expert negotiations, but insufficient to stimulate a *rapprochement* on the central problems in plenary sessions. Still it is significant that on the whole the propaganda by-play has never been less acrimonious at any previous conference excepting the July summit talks.

NOTHING definite is predictable as yet in the disarmament discussions which are due to begin this week. It is considered likely that both sides may at the very least make some minor concessions, purposely held over for this occasion, before returning the problem in slightly more promising shape—to the U. N. disarmament subcommittee. But what Bonn has feared and West European liberal opinion has strongly favored ever since the conference began might still come to pass: The Big Three might after all attempt to clinch the outline of an overall deal with the Soviets which would be built around a combined security-disarmament agreement instead of one which makes everything dependent upon the forging of what is still called "the pivotal link between European security and German reunification." In such a case it is expected that the Soviets could be induced to take several important steps forward on disarmament and other matters of real importance to world peace.

It is now tacitly agreed here among all of the participants that the German reunification problem is indeed insoluble for the time being, particularly if it is put ahead of all others. Each side realizes fully that under present circumstances the other can neither afford nor effectively be forced to yield its hold over

part of Germany. The West's insistence upon continuing a fruitless discussion despite this realization admittedly serves propaganda purposes, while the Soviet's frank indifference even toward the propaganda angle of reunification only confirms two open secrets which are daily proved anew in conversations at the *maison de la presse*. First, Europe, Asia, and Africa care little for German unity, and even within Germany itself the aim of achieving reasonable European security guarantees is rated more important for maintaining and solidifying peace than a reunification which nobody considers feasible. Secondly, with the Adenauer era apparently drawing to a close and the Social Democratic opposition gaining supporters in the Bonn government's own camp, a more genuine promise of eventual reunification is seen in German-Soviet and intra-German discussions, at least as indispensable counterparts to further Big Four negotiations.

THE Soviets seem genuinely convinced that time is working in their favor in Germany. So it seems, also, to liberal observers of practically all nationalities here, among them a good number of West German correspondents. Significantly, the questions put by Bonn newsmen at a recent East German press conference were politer and more objective in tone than those of many of their non-German colleagues. The West German reporters, moreover, are becoming increasingly outspoken in their criticism of the Big Three's failure to deal realistically with the situation.

"The Western powers would commit a serious mistake if, because Germany's reunification appears to be clearly unrealizable, they were to neglect the great possibilities arising from the unexpected *rapprochement* of Western and Soviet viewpoints on the matter of security." Thus does the middle-of-the-road

Le Monde summarize opinion held by "all Geneva observers with some rare exceptions, particularly of West Germans and Americans."

It is by no means certain that the outwardly united Western camp here—all too negatively and rigidly united despite growing misgivings in all delegations at the rather sterile attitudes to which they are committed—can avoid making this

"serious mistake" during the current conference. But expert negotiations and fresh top-level meetings will probably follow upon this "Geneva Number Two." Developments inside West Germany are considered likely to help toward a more practical exploitation of the Soviet's genuine, though by no means desperate, need for a long-term formalized *detente*. So are America's elec-

tion campaign and the Bandung powers' reactions to this conference. Hence there is growing hope here that eventually ways may be found to security and disarmament by shelving Germany's reunification (and thereby incidentally preparing more realistically for its eventual achievement) if not this November, then at some future Big Four meeting.

COMEBACK FLOP

McCarthy in Boston . . . by Joseph Garland

Boston
HE LOOKED not unlike Tony Galento as he bounced down the long aisle of the Boston Arena with his American Legion color guard to the blare of the Ashby Military Band. He climbed into the ring to wave at his stomping and yelling fans, some 1,200 of whom had sloshed through a driving northeaster to watch him mount the comeback trail. He seemed pasty and flabby under the harsh kleig lights. Was the old magic still lurking in those hammy fists? Could he still duck the lefts and sneak to the kidney with a right?

Two hours of clumsy jingoism and mumbled innuendo later, it looked as if Jolting Joe McCarthy had lost his jolt.

The bout was promoted by Friends of Senator McCarthy, Inc., which presumably would not have engaged the arena if it hadn't expected its man could fill it, adverse weather notwithstanding. The billing begged the question "Is There Sabotage in Our Guided Missile Program?"

The preliminary was a memorial service for the recently deceased F. B. I. informer William H. Teto of nearby Ashby, late chairman of American Activities for Joe's incorporated friends. The eulogy was presented by Bernard M. McQuaid, co-publisher with China Lobbyist William Loeb of the Manchester, N. H.,

Sunday News. McQuaid was moved by "attacks on the character and credibility of my good friend Teto" to read a letter from J. Edgar Hoover to the informer stating for the record that he had, in fact, furnished information to the F. B. I. McQuaid similarly quoted from a laudatory report of New Hampshire Attorney General Louis Wyman, whose investigations he described as "a model for the entire country." These remarks were perhaps prompted by uncomplimentary press stories that followed disclosure of Teto's police record.

THE publisher lamented that Teto had died "jobless and nearly destitute" a few weeks earlier and wound up by reading an editorial by Loeb complaining that Teto's fees had ended upon completion of his undercover work and he had been "cast aside by an ungrateful government." The editorial concluded that it will become most difficult to recruit informers if this is the sort of treatment they can expect.

There was a minute of silent prayer, and at the conclusion of the rally a collection was taken for the education of the Teto children.

During this melancholy tribute to one of his old committee witnesses McCarthy seemed preoccupied and fidgety. His lips had barely moved during the mass recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance. The sound system in the arena was poor, and the reverberations were exaggerated against the thousands of empty

seats. When he began to speak, many complained that they could not hear him. This is understandable for the phrase "the sabotage of our intercontinental guided-ballistic-missile program" is a mouthful for any orator and particularly for one who tends to mumble.

His speech, in fact, was a study in frustration, and one got the impression that this was sensed by not a few of the faithful. They hissed stoutly at his reference to the Ford Foundation and Edward R. Murrow, but reacted with perfunctory enthusiasm to his sneers at the "spirit of Geneva" and not at all when he threatened them with the calculation that a guided missile could destroy Boston thirty minutes after its departure from Moscow.

In order to play up the missile, McCarthy went so far as to concede that the United States has "some defense" against aircraft-borne bombs. Then he went on to state that the "available evidence" finds the Russians on the verge of perfecting the missile, while our program moves "at a snail's pace"—a state of affairs about which he came to the "frighteningly compelling" conclusion that highly placed Communist agents are responsible.

But the closest he could come to putting the finger on the "baddies" was a dark hint that the missile program was being cut back at about the time that J. Robert Oppenheimer was "convincing President Truman that the H-bomb was immoral" in 1949.

JOSEPH GARLAND is a Boston newspaperman.

The Sunday punch just wasn't there, and the sponsorship of the affair was as indicative of the state of the McCarthy fortunes as the speech. There was a marked lack of political weight on the platform, with the lone exception of G. O. P. State Chairman Elmer C. Nelson, who didn't speak. The aged James M. Curley shuffled in, but neither of the opponents who thrashed him in the recent mayoralty primaries turned up.

And while the present Mayor John B. Hynes has consistently kept McCarthy at arm's length, State Senator John E. Powers—an investigator of subversion in his own right—was not too long ago a vociferous

McCarthyite in the Irish Catholic bastion of South Boston.

Others on the platform included Robert H. Montgomery, a Bourbon utilities and textile-corporation lawyer; Cambridge candy manufacturer Robert H. W. Welch, Jr.; and two old supporters of Bob Taft in the Bay State, former New Dealer Joseph P. Kennedy and Basil Brewer, publisher of the *New Bedford Standard-Times*, who teamed up in 1952 to back the former's Democratic son, Senator John F. Kennedy, against Eisenhower king-maker Henry Cabot Lodge.

While the rally had received scant advance notice in the Boston papers, the morning editions relented to

give McCarthy page-one treatment the next day—all, that is, except Hearst's tabloid *Record*, which planted him in a half column on page four. John Fox's friendly *Post* handed him a column and a half, and he drew a column in the conservative but critical *Herald*, slightly less in the middle-road *Globe*. A year ago they all would have splashed him across page one.

The audience enjoyed the band music and concessionaire's hot dogs and what it could hear of the speeches, but the anticipated fireworks fizzled, and many probably regretted the \$1.10 price of admission which, incidentally, had not been publicized.

DO YOU OWE TOO MUCH?

The Personal Debt Spectre . . . by Jules Backman

THE SHARP rise in consumer credit and in mortgage debt combined with a significant easing of credit terms has raised the question: Is the amount of personal—or consumer—debt too high? The concern of government officials in the problem is reflected in the various actions taken to tighten the supply of credit and to make it more costly to borrow. Increases in stock margins, rises in the discount rate, and reversals of earlier moves to ease housing credit may be noted in this connection.

A few facts are clear. Private debt has been rising very rapidly since the end of World War II. Total personal debt (consumer credit and mortgage debt) has increased from about \$24 billion at the end of 1945 to about \$115 billion currently. During this same period, other types of private debt, including stock-market and farm credits, business borrowing, etc., have increased from about \$116 billion to \$250 billion. Total private debt, therefore, has risen from \$140 billion to about \$365 billion in less than a decade. These are enormous figures even when al-

lowance is made for the price inflation of the past decade as well as for the fact that there was little change in private debt during World War II.

To a large extent, the increase in personal debt has reflected the automobile and building booms. During the first nine months of 1955, for example, automobile production totaled six million passenger cars. This was an increase of 1,900,000 or 45 per cent over 1954 and 20 per cent over the previous record year of five million in 1950. Residential housing started in the first nine months of 1955 totaled 1,047,000 as compared with 915,500 in 1954 and 1,113,000 in the comparable period of 1950, the previous record year.

THIS BOOM in automobiles and housing has been financed to a substantial extent by personal borrowing. Consumer credit and mortgage debt have been increasing steadily as the sales of cars and homes have expanded. In August, 1955, the volume of automobile instalment credit outstanding was \$13.5 billion as compared with \$10.3 billion a year earlier. This was an increase of \$3.2 billion or about 30 per cent. During the same period, the total

volume of all consumer credit increased by \$4.9 billion or 17 per cent. The August, 1955, total of \$33.6 billion compared with only \$5.7 billion at the end of 1945. Total consumer credit is now an average of \$625 per family.

The 1954-55 period also witnessed a significant easing in instalment credit terms. The down payment for new cars has been cut to 25 per cent—less in some instances—while the time for payment of the loan has been extended up to thirty-six months or longer. A similar easing of instalment credit terms has taken place for all types of electrical appliances, furniture, and other "hard goods." This easing of credits and the accompanying rapid expansion of consumer debt has created concern in many quarters about the "quality" of the new debt.

The pattern in housing has been similar. Under the Housing Act of 1954, the F. H. A. was permitted to insure mortgages up to 95 per cent of appraised value up to \$9,000 and 75 per cent of the value between that amount and \$20,000. The term of the mortgage was extended to thirty years. In many instances, no down payments were required on smaller houses.

JULES BACKMAN is professor of economics at New York University.

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Last spring, some lenders actually were making small cash payments to cover "closing costs," such as title, expense, appraisals, and surveys. Such payments, which ran to \$100 or more, were included in the mortgage. This situation was sometimes described as the "no no-down payment." However, government agencies cracked down on such arrangements; they had to be discontinued for F. H. A. and Veterans Administration loans. Then in August, the down payment was increased by 2 per cent and the terms of the mortgage limited to a maximum of twenty-five years.

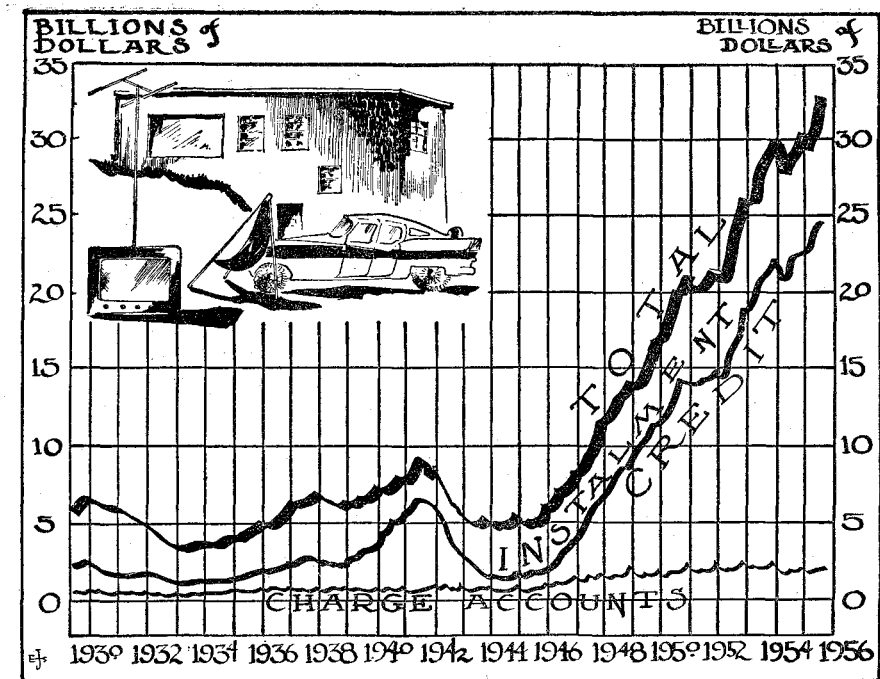
Mortgage debt on one-to-four-family houses was \$18.5 billion at the end of World War II. The total has increased as follows:

	(Billions of Dollars)
1945	\$18.5
1949	37.5
1951	51.9
1953	66.3
1954	75.2
August 1955 (est.)	85.0

This more than fourfold increase is truly amazing for a ten-year period.

THERE is no dispute concerning the magnitude of these increases in debt. The point where analysts part company is in their interpretation of their significance. Are we heading for trouble as a result of the recent sharp increase in personal debt? How long can we continue to increase debt at this rate? Are there any critical levels beyond which debt expansion spells trouble? These are becoming important questions. In part, the disagreements stem from the fact that three different aspects of the problem are being discussed—although the distinctions are blurred: (1.) The impact of expanding debt on the general level of business activity; (2.) The ability of the borrowers to pay the interest charges; (3.) The ability of the borrowers to repay the principal.

Any fruitful consideration of the problem must distinguish among these phases. There may be implications adverse to the future general level of business activity if, in the face of the consumers' continued ability to carry the current debt and repay it in full, the rapidly expanding debt is slowed up or stopped. And it is, therefore, no answer to a warning concerning the first aspect



to make reassuring statements concerning the small rate of repossessions.

A family earning \$100 a week may spend considerably more than that as it refurnishes a home, or buys a car, a television set, or a refrigerator. At some future date, however, the family must spend *less* than its income if it is to repay the loan. During the period when the purchases are made, on balance, the economy is stimulated. Once the repayments are made, the stimulus is lost or reversed. When large numbers of families are going into debt, the net volume of such debt rises, as has been true in 1955. Under these conditions, the economy is stimulated. However, we cannot continue to spend more than we earn indefinitely. When repayments exceed new loans recessionary tendencies may develop in the economy.

The stimulating effect of a growing volume of personal debt has been evident in the business boom this year. Consumer credit and mortgage debt was \$16.6 billion greater in the second quarter of 1955 than in the same period of 1954. Thus, about three-fifths of the rise in economic activity reflected the expansion in personal debt. Remove this stimulus and the most important single factor in the 1955 boom would be eliminated. It is for this reason that the rate of increase in personal debt is so important in the economic outlook. A slowing down of the automobile and hous-

ing booms would be reflected promptly in a slower rate of increase in personal debt.

IS THE total volume of personal debt now too high? This question cannot be answered on any quantitative basis. As was noted earlier, the total volume of personal debt has risen to new record levels. But the same is true of the overall level of economic activity and of consumer incomes.

In August, 1955, total consumer credit outstanding was 12.6 per cent of total personal income after taxes. In 1929, the ratio was 7.7 per cent; in 1939, it was 10.2 per cent. The current ratio is the highest ever recorded. In other words, consumer credit has increased more than consumer incomes after taxes. But this fact does not prove that total personal debt is or is not too high. There is little evidence that consumers cannot pay off these loans. Repossessions are still reported to be low. Delinquents are not a pressing problem. Apparently, we can carry the current volume of personal debt at the current levels of personal income.

How much further can personal debt increase before we get into trouble? Again, there is no micrometer which can or will provide an exact measurement of the danger point. However, it is a matter of concern that credit terms have been eased so markedly and that borrowing has been encouraged on a large

scale. In July, the Comptroller of the Currency stated that "recent surveys indicate that in some areas there is a tendency to loosen terms under which this type of credit is granted, particularly in the automobile financing field, by extending maturity and accepting down payments which, measured in terms of actual value, are lower than previously had been considered standard." Some families and businesses are bound to be hurt by these developments since excesses develop very readily under such conditions.

Mortgage loans, which are increasing rapidly, create a similar problem. However, in this area it is important to keep in mind that to

a large extent mortgage payments are a substitute for payments of rent—although in most instances, they may be a heavier burden than rent. There has been a rapid growth of home ownership. In 1940, 43.6 per cent of the families were home-owners as against 55 per cent in 1950. The current proportion is still higher. Moreover, the decline in interest rates (now 4½-4¾ per cent as against 6 per cent before World War II) means that the servicing costs have not risen as much as has the total mortgage debt. In this area, too, the expansion has been encouraged by loose lending practices which could be planting the seeds for future trouble. In many lower-

priced homes, after several years of payments, the owner will have little equity. The restrictive actions noted earlier are designed to limit excesses in housing credit.

In the past, excessive expansions of credit have tended to characterize periods of boom and have created problems which contributed to the subsequent recessions and depressions. There is no way to determine, in advance, how long the recent expansion in debt will continue or what heights the total will reach. But the rapidity of the rise combined with the relaxation of credit terms referred to earlier suggests that further increases in debt should not be viewed with equanimity.

ECHO OF POLITICS

France's Intellectual War . . by *Haakon Chevalier*

Paris
AN ODD CHANGE of mood has come over the French literary world in the past few months. Its source is political. It is related both to the seemingly overwhelming problems with which France is beset and to the hope aroused in the country, as throughout the world, by the symptoms of *detente*. But along with this, and on a more purely intellectual level, fundamental positions of an ideological nature are being sadly shaken by a combination of factors that include not only the above, but problems such as that of France's preeminence in letters and the arts, the reexamination of values in the light of France's political and economic decadence, and more particularly the anguishing problem presented, for intellectuals not wholly committed, by the Soviet Union's "new look."

A whole generation has been raised in the belief that communism is a sinister world-wide plot for the enslavement of mankind, directed by a grim handful of bloodthirsty

criminals sitting in the Kremlin; that Russia's government is a ruthless dictatorship under which millions of citizens are slaughtered and imprisoned and enslaved in labor camps and the rest live in fear and trembling, hungry, oppressed, lacking any kind of freedom, shorn of all hope. This picture, done in varying lurid colors, is one to which the entire propaganda apparatus of the West had committed itself for a quarter of a century.

IT IS TOO early yet to tell how far the U. S. S. R.'s new conciliatory trend will go, with all its domestic and foreign implications, or what its full significance may be. But the stock picture has already been sufficiently battered and punctured since Stalin's death to confront thoughtful citizens of the Western world with such questions as, "What if the Communist countries should turn out to be not wholly evil?" "What if they should turn out to be as civilized and humane as ourselves?" "What if they should even outdistance us in the very things by which we set the highest store?"

The year 1955 has been marked by lively controversy among French

writers and journalists on various aspects of this crucial problem. Not since the French Liberation, ten years ago, have the issues involved in conflicting ideologies of the Right and of the Left been so sharply raised. It is an explosive year. The events of Indo-China, the Paris Pact, the growth of tension in North Africa, and the approach of the 1956 legislative election here are all elements creating a sense of urgency that heightens even discussion of abstract ideas.

Two events inaugurated the French literary year of 1955. The first was the awarding of the Goncourt prize last November to Simone de Beauvoir for her novel, "*Les Mandarins*," which is slanted to the Left. The second event was the bringing out last December of Andre Malraux's great pro-Communist novel of the thirties, "*La Condition humaine*," in the form of an awkward, badly cluttered play in a version by the rabidly right-wing pamphleteer, Thierry Maulnier, author of "*La Tete de Meduse du Communisme*." Malraux himself rewrote the end to alter completely the political impact of his original work, as though to signify with finality that politically, as well as philo-

HAAKON CHEVALIER, translator, critic, and novelist, is at work on a new novel, "The Man Who Would Be God."

November 12, 1955

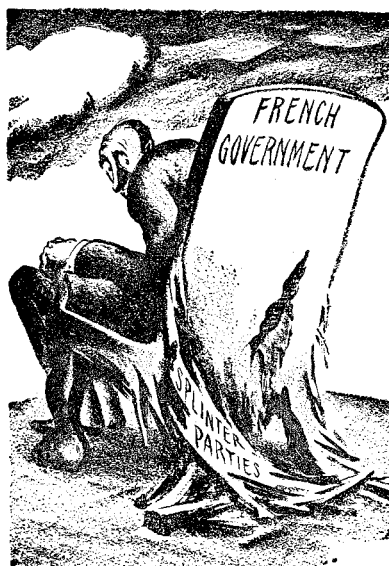
sophically, he has become a man of the Right.

The fall of Mendes-France and his government at the beginning of this year under the enraged onslaught of the Center-and-Right coalition in the Chamber of Deputies had as a consequence a revival of vitality on the Left. At least two New Left movements have come into being. One of these, with a bourgeois-liberal complexion, has *L'Express* as its chief organ. It is anti-Communist, though it sometimes pretends not to be. The other is definitely left wing, has a working-class base, and while not Communist has as a basic axiom the conviction that no left-wing bid for power is possible without the Communists. It has no official organ, but has an effective spokesman in the weekly *France-Observateur*.

While *France-Observateur* is wholly a journalist's journal, *L'Express* features big literary names, and now, having become a daily tabloid-style newspaper after two years as a rather *chi-chi* weekly, includes such contributors as the Catholic novelist, François Mauriac, novelist and playwright Albert Camus, and also André Malraux.

IT IS significant that today, as ten years ago, Jean-Paul Sartre and his monthly review *Les Temps Modernes* (whose first issue came out in October, 1945) are at the heart of, and to an extent the occasion of, the existing controversy. In 1945 it was existentialism. Today it is "ultra-Bolshevism." It is necessary to remember that the immediate post-Liberation days were a time of great fervor and hope that united men in a common aspiration to lasting peace and human brotherhood. The first issue of *Les Temps Modernes* included in its editorial committee, in addition to Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Merleau-Ponty, Michel Leiris, Raymond Aron, Jean Paulhan, and Albert Ollivier. These ten years have witnessed a fundamental reorientation, though within the framework of the conviction that the practice of literature is a social function, and of the original team only Sartre and De Beauvoir remain.

Two members of that original team of *Les Temps Modernes* have come out this year with major frontal attacks on the ideologies of the Left. Raymond Aron, in



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
One crisis after another

"*L'Opium des Intellectuels*," and Maurice Merleau-Ponty, in "*Adventures de la Dialectique*," have provided food for what is probably the most animated and substantial debate on fundamental political issues that France has seen since the end of the war. Both Aron and Merleau-Ponty belong to the group of intellectuals, whom Simone de Beauvoir calls "the Mandarins" in her novel, who at the moment of the Liberation held out such high hopes for the postwar world. Aron, historian and journalist, very quickly aligned himself with the Right and became one of the chief editorialists of *Le Figaro*, so that his polemical broadside hardly causes any surprise. But Merleau-Ponty, a philosopher who holds a chair at the *Collège de France*, has during most of these years been an associate of Sartre and de Beauvoir, is—or was—a Marxist, and remained sympathetic to the Communist cause and to the Soviet Union through the purges, the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and the other difficult passages. It was the Korean War that caused him to break his former ties and to reexamine his beliefs. His book is the result of this reexamination.

It is perhaps curious that both these books, one by a solid apologist of the status quo, who likes to think of himself as a liberal, the other by a troubled and deeply humanitarian idealist, should at this juncture devote a major part of their ammunition to an attack on dialectical materialism, which one assumed that

the traditionalists had disposed of to their satisfaction long ago. It helps to explain why even those who tend to share their authors' views are not altogether happy about either.

The title of Aron's book, "*The Opium of the Intellectuals*," is readily recognized as an adaptation of Marx's famous statement on religion and suggests its thesis, which is that French intellectuals have been drugged by Marxism. Analyzing the Left, the Revolution, and the proletariat as political myths, attacking the Marxist interpretation of history and the illusion of necessity, concluding with a search for the reasons why intellectuals, presumably reasonable men, become seduced by such errors, he ends with a plea for skepticism.

Merleau-Ponty's "*Adventures of the Dialectic*" is a more heavily philosophical book that traces what the author considers the "failure" of dialectics, from Max Weber through Sartre. A good half of the book is devoted to the essay on Sartre and ultra-Bolshevism. Simone de Beauvoir has answered the attack in an essay, Merleau-Ponty and Pseudo-Sartreism, which has just appeared in volume form at Gallimard's with two other essays, one on the Marquis de Sade and one on Rightist Thinking Today, under the general title, "*Privileges*."

THERE is no space to go into the details of these disputes, which mark sharp lines of divergence in the evolution of ideas and of ideological alliances. Merleau-Ponty is now prominent on the team of *L'Express*, which is Mendes-France's mouthpiece. Sartre, eschewing direct involvement so far, marked the year with the production of "Nekrassov," a political satire in which a leading Paris newspaper becomes the victim of a hoax when an adventurer offers to establish contact with a top Soviet official who has just escaped from behind the iron curtain. Some critics thought the plot too farfetched until, just a few weeks after the opening, it came out that the *Le Figaro* had fallen for just such a swindle. The play, which had a highly successful run in June, has reopened for the fall season.

One has the impression that the polemical battles have only just begun.

The NATION

WISCONSIN'S CONSCIENCE

William T. Evjue . . by *Jacque and Lorraine Hopkins*

Madison, Wisconsin
THE REELECTION of Senator McCarthy in 1952 was for many an affirmation that McCarthyism was the embodiment of Wisconsin's political temper. But while fostering McCarthy, Wisconsin also counts among its sons his first and most persistent enemy, William T. Evjue, the courageously liberal editor of the *Capital Times* of Madison.

Evjue's influence as a political journalist is enormous in Wisconsin. One Republican complained of it when he said, "Mr. Evjue frequently runs the Republican Party in Wisconsin, yet Mr. Evjue isn't a Republican. . . . So convincingly has he built his myth of political power that we Republicans worry more about Mr. Evjue than we do about the other 3,500,000 citizens of the state."

Evjue is a rarity in contemporary journalism, but he is solidly in the tradition of the great personal editors of the nineteenth century. He has been a consciously rebellious spirit since his boyhood in a Scandinavian lumberjack town in upstate Wisconsin.

He is now one of the hundreds of former LaFollette Progressives who remain as political independents or as maverick elements within the Democratic Party, remembering with satisfaction the battles "Old Bob" fought against the moneyed interests but recalling with some sadness the fragmentation of the Progressive movement under "Young Bob" and Phillip LaFollette in the forties.

For the people of Wisconsin, however, 73-year-old Bill Evjue is much more than a leftover Progressive. For thousands of radio listeners throughout the state, he is a hoarse, strident voice every Sunday crackling with outrage over the blunders of the Eisenhower Administration, flaying the corporation lawyers for

their betrayal of the Constitution. For the 46,000 subscribers of the *Capital Times*, he is the garrulous author of the daily column Hello, Wisconsin! and of such thundering editorials as The Public Takes Another Beating in the Establishment of Insurance Rates and What About Cronyism? Take a Look at the Money Barons Who Flocked to Denver.

On the floor of the normally Republican Wisconsin State Senate, a frequent target of the Evjue editorials, he is a "Communist mouthpiece," the "owner of the most dangerous monopoly in the United States," a "hypocrite," and "old windbag Bill."

VILLIFICATION is not new to Bill Evjue. The Madison *Capital Times* was founded in 1917 with the support of LaFollette admirers during the troubled period of LaFollette's World War I non-interventionism. Rumors that the newspaper was financed by "German gold" drove Madison's advertisers from its pages. And conservative business men, always against LaFollette, wasted no prayers for its success.

Accompanying the financial crises of a shoestring operation were the annoyances suffered by all LaFollette supporters. The Madison Association of Commerce rejected the *Capital Times'* application for membership until the newspaper could prove its "full support of the government in carrying out the war." Inspired by reports of disloyalty, a government investigator arrived from Washington, later giving the *Capital Times* a clean bill of health. Even the paper's delivery boys weren't exempted from the controversy, frequently arriving at the circulation office, bruised and in tears, saying they "didn't wanna" deliver the paper anymore.

The \$20,000 LaFollette supporters had given Evjue to found the paper soon dwindled away. The cooperation of a local banker in ignoring

a frequently overdrawn account, the investments of a wealthy Mississippi liberal, and the savings of a University of Wisconsin president (who was thankful for Evjue's defense of the university against charges of being pro-German) barely sufficed to maintain the *Capital Times* through a period of financial chaos.

At one critical juncture, Evjue, in desperation, went to the outlying towns to talk to small farmers and business men, some of whom gathered in the secrecy of back rooms to hear him and to purchase \$25, \$50, and \$100 shares of *Capital Times* stock.

Evjue survived the buffeting of the World War I years, and the purchase in 1925 of a controlling interest in Madison's first radio station marked the newspaper's achievement of some financial stability. The tumult of the early years never ended, however. Evjue lived through the anti-German hysteria of the war only to become involved in new controversies and new battles.

Evjue had founded the *Capital Times* to be "independent of political parties and . . . fully determined to hear all men, all parties, all interests—fairly and honestly. It will always stand unwaveringly for good government in the city, county, state, and nation." And Evjue, more than any other one man, generally receives the credit for Wisconsin's record in clean city government. His attacks were never gentle.

After Republican Governor Julius Heil took office, the *Capital Times* soon discovered he spent much of his time with cronies in Milwaukee. Evjue harried him out of office in 1942 with a daily, front-page record of his absenteeism: "He's In," "He's Out."

The *Capital Times* has long made a practice of printing both national and state legislative roll-call votes on significant issues. Assessing the Wisconsin delegation to the 80th Congress as revealed in these votes,

JACQUE and LORRAINE HOPKINS are graduate students at the University of Wisconsin.

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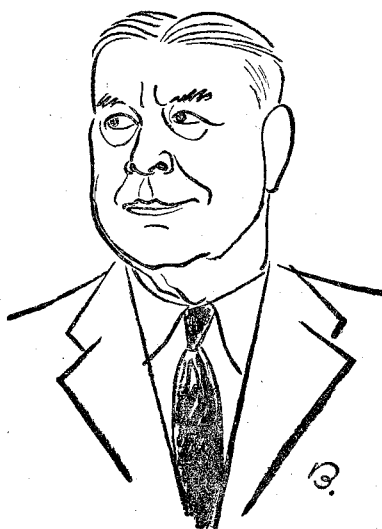
Evjue wrote, "Voters in the second district should note that Representative Glenn Davis narrowly missed the worst record in the House. It is only because he started late and was not in Congress for all fifteen votes that he bettered the record of Representative Byrnes."

Then there was in 1951 the now famous series on Senator McCarthy which forced the first breach in the Senator's seemingly impregnable record as patriot and Communist-hunter. In connection with the series, Evjue now says, "We have the best file on McCarthy in the country. As a matter of fact, our problem is to keep it from being rifled by all the people who want to work him over."

Stories about Evjue's bullheadedness provide lively copy, as at the Fond du Lac convention in 1934 when G. O. P. Progressives voted to become the Independent Progressive Party. Evjue, chairing the convention, called for a unanimous vote for the record. "The forty-four dissenters," the *Wisconsin State Journal* reported, "refused to stand. . . . Chairman Evjue ordered the pianist to play the national anthem. The forty-four dissenters stood up and the vote was unanimous."

NOT TOO many years ago, *Capital Times* staffers recall, Evjue called for a full-scale hearing into the activity of lobbyists at the state capitol. He indicated that he could provide a hearing with enough information about the lobbies to prompt criminal action by the state. At the hearing, Bill Evjue turned up and announced that he personally had no information to reveal. But, he said, the *Capital Times* political reporter had all the facts and figures. Evjue left after promising to return with the reporter. While Evjue was out, the reporter wandered in and, under questioning, admitted he knew only of drinks being bought for certain legislators, and parties being held—the usual lobbying techniques. He was dismissed from the hearing and returned to the newspaper office. At his desk he found a large "See me. W. T. E." in his typewriter. He went into Evjue's office. Evjue jumped up. "Now listen," he said, "there's a hearing over at the capitol. You go over there, and here's what I want you to tell them—"

Evjue's critics use harsher ammu-



William T. Evjue

munition than this, however. His membership in the exclusive Madison Club (which once changed its by-laws to oust Evjue's LaFollette) and the substantial profits of the *Capital Times* are offered as evidence of an inconsistent liberal philosophy. And they call attention to the uproar which regularly accompanies negotiations for new union contracts at the *Capital Times*.

Additional criticism occasionally arises from a misunderstanding of the *Capital Times*' relationship with its competitor, the conservative *Wisconsin State Journal*. In 1948, both newspapers needed new plants and additional printing facilities, necessities which would have demanded the outlay of about \$1,000,000 for each. The *Capital Times* and the *State Journal*, however, decided to combine their mechanical and business operations in one building under one corporation. Stock in the corporation is owned jointly. The editorial staffs are unaffected by this business arrangement and remain vigorously independent. And if anything is more noticable about Madison than other two-newspaper cities, it is the freedom with which Evjue refers to his competitor in critical editorials.

Another innovation of recent years was the establishment of a special Monday edition of the *Capital Times* which can be bought separately at special subscription rates. The edition reaches about 3,500 readers throughout Wisconsin and the Middle West. A special section is devoted to complaints from

Wisconsin residents and answers by *Capital Times* staff members. A column of political commentary is contributed by Miles McMillin, Evjue's shrewd assistant editorial writer.

Under Evjue's direction, the *Capital Times* continues its zestful coverage of politics, farm problems, big business, labor, and the defections of the state's Republican administration throughout the week. In recent weeks that saw much newspaper space occupied by the stories of President Eisenhower's illness, the *Capital Times* managed to present slam-bang local and state stories: "[Lt. Gov.] Knowles is Guest of Finance Firm on Fishing Trip" announced the paper. The following day it was, "Two Judges Deny Impropriety in Thorp [Finance] Co. Trip" and "Denies Business Propaganda: [University of Wisconsin] Defends Use of Firms' Gifts to Support Seminar."

AT 73, Evjue still maintains an exhausting schedule although he rarely arrives at his office before noon. He reads the morning papers during his 7 a. m. breakfast at home. At 9 a. m., his secretary arrives with the morning mail. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, he spends the morning preparing the Sunday talks which are now carried over seventeen Wisconsin radio stations. Vitally concerned with the fact of a one-party press and radio, he rarely forgets to give a plug to the *Capital Times*' Monday edition in his broadcasts. He lunches in Madison and spends the afternoons at his desk, dictating editorials, chatting with visitors or conferring with editorial assistants.

Occasionally, he talks of getting away from the paper and devoting more time to personal projects, particularly an autobiography. But his close associates smile at this. Not only is Bill Evjue the *Capital Times* but the *Capital Times* is to a large extent Bill Evjue's whole life. There is as much of Evjue in the *Capital Times* as there was of LaFollette in the Republican Progressive movement. The Progressives never did find a replacement for "Old Bob" following LaFollette's death in 1925. And it is a real question whether the *Capital Times* will continue to move and shake Dane County and all Wisconsin without Evjue.

The NATION

BOOKS

A Lot More About Africa

INSIDE AFRICA. By John Gunther. Harper and Brothers. \$6.

THE AFRICAN AWAKENING. By Basil Davidson. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THEY WAIT IN DARKNESS. By George W. Shepherd, Jr. The John Day Company. \$4.

THE AFRICAN GIANT. By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

By Melville J. Herskovits

"INSIDE AFRICA" is the work of a first-rate reporter and student of current affairs. Its author traveled far and fast in Africa, adding to his own experiences and those of his wife the insights obtained from intensive reading in current periodicals dealing with Africa, government publications, and works lying in various specialized fields.

Mr. Gunther is at his best when confronted with a situation of crisis. His discussion of Kenya, or the Union of South Africa, is thus incisive and informative. Despite the diversity of his coverage, he has grasped some of the major problems of the continent. "No African country under European rule is happy, once it has reached the point of being educated enough to want freedom," he says, speaking of Uganda. Again and again, he puts his finger on the color bar as a prime irritant. Or, in discussing South Africa, he isolates a fundamental element in the situation when he points out that an "important factor in Afrikaner character patterns is that, if crisis comes, they have no place to go." Some of his character sketches are superb; his analysis of Schweitzer should help in correcting the idolatry that marks the attitudes of so many Americans toward him.

Above all, Gunther is a realist. He shows time and again the relation between the incidence of per-

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, professor of anthropology and director of the Program of African Studies of Northwestern University, has spent considerable time in Africa.

manent white settlement and interracial tension. He senses the power in the African's drives for literacy and schooling, and the difficulties in the way of satisfying these drives. He realizes that "African mental patterns . . . are a mystery only to white people who make no effort to understand them."

Yet this book will scarcely clarify the African scene for readers not already familiar with it. For one thing, the overlay of irrelevant incident is too great. That "giraffes intertwine their necks when making love" is scarcely pertinent to the analysis of the emergence of Africa "with exaggerated speed into the embrace of modern times," the particular point toward the explanation of which the book is oriented. Again, Gunther's division of the continent cannot but confuse readers who everywhere else will encounter the customary division into North Africa and that part south of the Sahara. Obviously, Gunther was a prisoner of his trademark; but why in the book must he bracket British East Africa with the Arabized North? He himself feels this inconsistency. "Now at last we reach Bantu Africa," he says when, two-thirds of the way through Part I, he leaves Ethiopia and reaches the sub-Saharan mass of the continent.

He likes the quick flash, is ill at ease with mass data. "Now we must swallow a few mild statistics," he says in one place; or, again, "Let us bolt down other facts and figures." And his figures fall into a monotonous pattern. Each territory—number of square miles, how many American states it equals; how many people it has, and their equivalence with the population of Chicago, or Minnesota, or France. He also went so fast that his impressions sometimes become confused and his facts mixed. Thus, there is no "foaming jungle" anywhere near Entebbe; the "red laterite road" from Lagos to Ibadan in Nigeria is fully paved! "There is no risk of fragmentation as in Nigeria," he says of the Gold Coast. Yet here tribal loyalties, which he seems not even to have

sensed, have since his visit demonstrated their force in the demand of the Ashanti for a federated state.

Gunther seems to have tired when, toward the end of his long trip, he reached West Africa. Otherwise, it is hard to understand why, in his account of Liberia, he devotes three and a half pages to raking over a 1931 report on forced labor there, only to end with the comment, "Pawning and its attendant horrors, so far as is known, have now disappeared." Discussing Nigeria, he exclaims, "Africa, let us say once more, is a very mixed-up continent." In West Africa, the winds of political freedom blow strong, and freedom in solving some problems brings on others no less pressing. He obviously found it difficult, after accommodating himself to the interracial dichotomies of the rest of the continent, to reorient his thinking to the complexities of West Africa. One can but sympathize with the relief apparent in the final sentence of his book, "So now 'Inside Africa' is done."

BASIL Davidson's work treats of "the great central region" of Africa, "formed by the Belgian Congo, the French Congo, and the Portuguese colony of Angola." His documentation is careful, his observations are shrewd, and he writes well.

He begins with the Portuguese discoveries in the fifteenth century, recounting something of the thriving cultures they found, and what happened to them as the slave trade to the Americas gathered momentum. Then he moves to Stanley and Brazza, and the penetration of the interior by the Belgians and French, with the partition of the vast region by the Conference of Berlin in 1885, that sanctioned the Congo Free State, whose excesses also set the pattern for early colonialism in French Equatorial Africa. "The consequences of all this were to complete what the slave trade had begun. The country was depopulated, its tribal society appallingly degraded."

The gradual development and working out of policies of economic and social amelioration are next considered. The complex of problems that have accompanied the increasing absorption of the Congolese into the industrial system is evaluated with objectivity and fairness, and it is to be remarked that

this is one of the few books—the only one, in English—that gives a full account of the far-sighted program of urban settlement for Congolese, initiated by M. Grevisse, District Commissioner of Elizabethville. As against this economic enlightenment of Belgian policy, Davidson sets the questions raised by the “political vacuum” that characterizes its tightly knit paternalism. Nor does he neglect the role of the Catholic church in the changing Congo scene, or the significance of the dissident religious cults and other clandestine movements, with their 3,818 political prisoners “exiled to distant villages,” as shown in the official statistics of 1952.

The final chapters of his book are devoted to the Portuguese territory of Angola. Serious charges are laid against the administration, as regards its labor policy, charges which are documented from Portuguese and other official sources, and by facts obtained through personal interviews. The picture that is drawn of forced recruitment of labor and of the wage scale, of the conditions under which Africans live, and of the position of the *assimilado*, as the African who has received Portuguese citizenship is termed, is a disquieting one. These are serious charges, and it is to be hoped that they will receive the attention they merit from the responsible officials whose statements of policy are so much at variance with the assertions made in this book.

Even more restricted, geographically, is George Shepherd's volume. It is a moving story, simply told, of his experiences as “the first white man employed by an African organization” in Uganda, “the Federation of Uganda African Farmers.” It is significant from several points of view. It shows in close focus the African moving toward fully functioning membership in a society which he numerically dominates, and the bitterness and cynicism that must be dispelled if peaceful solutions are to be found for the problems of adjustment. It also gives a close-up portrayal of Ignatius Musazi, prominent in the organization for which Shepherd worked, now leader of the Uganda National Congress, who well may, as Shepherd says, “in time become the Nkrumah of Uganda and be Prime Minister of the country.”

Shepherd's tale of the development of the cotton cooperatives among the Uganda farmers is a case study in method that could well be examined by all in charge of technical-aid programs. He describes his experiences in Kenya, and gives an account of his meeting with Jomo Kenyatta and the onset of the Mau Mau revolt there. His portrayal of Sir Andrew Cohen, the Governor of Uganda, gives further testimony of the abilities of this dynamic British colonial administrator. Denied a passport by our Department of State until court action forced the granting of one too late for him to carry on his mission, Shepherd has organized an American Committee on Africa to develop better understanding here as a basis for the formulation of an effective American policy toward “this neglected area of the world.” One can but wish him well in his new venture.

With Stuart Cloete's book, we return to the large canvas—but here the obverse of the portrayal by our other authors. Like them, he recognizes the same basic problems—as he puts it, “the two facts that stand out

are color and education.” But whereas Gunther and Davidson and Shepherd appraise situations in terms of actualities and potentialities, Cloete is a romanticist. His overall formula for resolving the complexities of Africa is simplistic in the extreme—“education and religion.” The “truth” he reveals is, indeed, the truth as it appears to many Europeans in Africa. Yet one need but read the recent speech of Governor-General Petillon of the Belgian Congo to his Administrative Council to see that Cloete's appraisal of the situation is by no means that of all on the African continent, even in high places.

Aside from Cloete's presentation of a point of view about the African that is contrary to all our scientific knowledge of the nature of human behavior and the functioning of human culture, the book is merely a light travel-volume, with undisciplined speculation about many things looked at, but not seen. It scarcely deserves attention from anyone seriously interested in knowing what the Africa of today is like, and where it is proceeding.

New China Travelogue

MANDARIN RED. By James Cameron. Rinehart and Company. \$3.50.

By Edgar Snow

THIS agreeable book ought not to be compared by its publishers with “Berlin Diary” and “Thunder Out of China” so much as with the early Lafcadio Hearn—or even “Messrs. Marco Polo.” China has been closed to us just long enough now to make it possible for journalists to rediscover it. For those who have become China-conscious only “since the flood,” therefore, the most elementary observations about the way the country looks, feels, smells, tastes, and sounds to alien senses make more fascinating reading than news of political developments. James Cameron had the common sense to realize that, the temperament to assimilate and savor his experience, and the talent to write a warm, humorous, sometimes moving piece of

literature, which often vividly recreates authentic China.

As chief correspondent of the respectable London *News-Chronicle*, Cameron entered the country simply as a working journalist—“part of no group and committed to no opinions,” the blurb puts it—and was apparently allowed to stay a bit longer than his predecessors. He reports little not already known about things like five-year plans, the way the new steel plants work, the Russian influence, the “great upsurge” in education, and land reform. But his distinction is a pleasant literary style and a tolerant eye more interested in learning than moralizing and more concerned with humanity and other natural phenomena than machines.

Cameron cannot be accused of falling in love with Chinese communism but he had quite an affair with the country and the people. That used to be considered a permissible deviation in writers of travel books and it would be nice to see something symptomatic in it here. Certainly few can object to Cameron's

EDGAR SNOW is the author of “Red Star Over China” and other books.

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enthusiasm for the beauty and charm of Chinese children, the shapeliness of the Chinese female leg, the clean logical lines of Chinese temple architecture, the breathtaking grandeur of the Great Wall, the cleverness of Chinese magicians and acupuncturists, the superlative qualities of Chinese food, the enchantment of the Chinese landscape, and the fearful, oceanic majesty of the Yangtze River. Communists have subdued and regimented the latter, he reports, along with the population. But Cameron also attests to national passions for unheard-of things like cleanliness, tidiness, sanitation, efficiency, honesty, punctuality, courtesy, and unselfish officials—which must indeed be ranked as discoveries made only since the flood.

HONGKONG excluded, there is not one night club left on all the China coast, which once boasted more *boites* than all France. On Shanghai's fabulous Bund, formerly policed by foreigners for *taipans* who dominated China's trade, Cameron got drawn into one of the groups of young couples in "blue boiler suits" who nightly dance the *yank-ko* beside the waters of the now nearly idle Whangpu. And on the site of the International Race Track he saw a Chinese theater being erected to seat 18,000 people!

Clearly this is no longer the China which men of any race, color, or creed could learn to call home; at last it is 100 per cent China for Chinese. Even the "many thousands" of Russians live quite apart from the Chinese, have their own hotels, stores, and restaurants, and take little part in social life. The country was also full of comradely delegates from the Red world; Cameron, try as he would, could not often avoid being confused with them. He himself was not allowed to stray far from their well-worn

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MEMOIRS by Harry S. Truman



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tourist trails. He had to apply for a special travel permit even to go outside the city walls. But with no knowledge of the language he could scarcely have gone anywhere without his interpreter-guides, anyway. They accompanied him on all his trips with one significant exception. It was when he visited the Peking dormitory where the Western converts from Korea were housed—the former P. W.'s who chose exile in unknown China to repatriation.

Inevitably he also picked up a quota of misinformation, for the most part trivial. Example: there are no words for “left” and “right” in Chinese, and the language excludes the possibility of expressing nuance by mere inflection of voice(!). What is more likely to be held against his book by some critics, however, is the careful omission of any detailed consideration of such items as brainwashing and brainwashers, slave labor, mass executions, and other disagreeable facts of the revolution. It appears he did

not venture to raise such questions with his Chinese hosts at all!

Perhaps then the harshest thing anyone will say about “Mandarin Red” is that nothing in it is likely to cause Peking to declare the author *persona non grata* or to interrupt a renewal of his promising affair with China. Cameron's own defense doubtless would be the same reason he gives for relegating to a mere appendix his only serious attempt to dissect the anatomy of the dictatorship—the party machine that makes, administers, and enforces all laws of the nation. He placed this material “aside from the rest,” he explains, “on the considerate principle that one keeps from deliberately including a piece of salt pork in a cheese souffle.” Cameron holds his salt pork of hard politics down to a tailpiece of ten pages; but it would probably be unfair to hang so amiable an author with his own metaphor by suggesting that the 324 pages preceding it consist entirely of cheese souffle.

that merely perpetuates a legend historians have been trying to correct. Harriet Beecher Stowe, on the other hand, was “a rare type of intellectual.” In the “dark recesses” of his Craigie House study Longfellow lived in a dream world; in fact Longfellow was an active diner-out, and Craigie House received every refugee radical from Europe. We read on one page about “the lack of any intellectual force or life in the second half of the nineteenth century” and on the next admire young Woodrow Wilson, in 1875 precisely, stirred by Godkin's *The Nation* and editorials in the *Evening Post*. Mr. Coon interprets the Brown Decades by way of “The Education of Henry Adams,” forgetting that Adams was intellectually stirred by the tremendous intellectual forces of the Brown Decades, a period that struggled with Reconstruction, civil-service reform, municipal government, international copyright, international arbitration, social service, modern graduate schools, tremendous advances in science, technology, and architecture, and enlightened discussions of suffrage, currency, and the tariff. But it was, of course, mainly a Republican period.

An egghead is defined as an “adult who believes in intelligence as an instrument for social change, who believes in reason and rationality as a test for evaluating political issues.” Of Mr. Coon's four heroes, two reach a tragic end. Woodrow Wilson was broken by his failure properly to estimate the postwar emotional reaction of the American people, and in Roosevelt's case breakdown was involved in the burden of emotional attachment of followers to leader, as Harry Hopkins pointed out (pp. 273-4). Rationality is not enough.

Mr. Coon treats Jefferson, Wilson, F. D. R., and Adlai Stevenson sympathetically, but for him history has the either-or aspect it had for Macaulay. Under the heading Highbrows of the Nineteenth Century he remarks: “The role of the intellectual in American politics in the nineteenth century is not the staggering subject it might at first appear.” If you cast your Woodrow Wilsons in the role of Michael and your Senator Lodges in the role of Belial, the subject greatly simplifies itself.

An Impartial Pro-Democrat

TRIUMPH OF THE EGGHEADS.

By Horace Coon. Random House. \$4.

By Howard Mumford Jones

“TRIUMPH of the Eggheads” falls between being an impartial history of the United States from the Democratic point of view, and symphonic propaganda designed to elect Adlai Ewing Stevenson as president of the United States. Mr. Stevenson is darkly described as “the outstanding premature baby of American politics delivered to his party by a remarkable Caesarian operation,” too ovicipital a phrase to do him much good, though it illustrates a certain joyful excess in Mr. Coon's prose. Unfortunately his style is also capable of sinking to such dreary levels as: “She inspired him to aim always for the highest, to make any sacrifice in order to follow his heart and his conscience, never to compromise his ideals, or to do things only for money or expediency.”

The dust jacket animadvert upon

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author of “*The Pursuit of Happiness*” and other books.

the content of this volume as follows: “The rise of the intellectual in modern American politics: the heritage of Thomas Jefferson; the legacy of Woodrow Wilson; the stimulus of Franklin D. Roosevelt; and the future of Adlai Stevenson.” It will be rightly inferred that brains are the peculiar possession of Democrats. The two Adamases were intelligent, but they receive short shrift from Mr. Coon, and only a canonical tribute is paid to Abraham Lincoln, whose “sense of dedication as well as his inspiration was something more than human.” Mr. Coon is not interested in writing history but in nominating the candidate of his choice.

HE HAS read widely but not altogether wisely. He tells us that Croly's “*Promise of American Life*” (1909) is basic to the role of the intellectual in politics, but of the eight paragraphs he devotes to it, four have nothing to do with the content of this complex book, though Mr. Coon refers to what he has said as a “resume.” Andy Jackson was for him “more intellectual than he admitted but his was the voice of the illiterate frontiersman,” a phrase

Art

A. L. Chanin

SCULPTURE, laggard for several centuries until Rodin, has acquired a new lease on life in the last fifty years. Men like Matisse, Picasso, Maillol, Lehmbruck, Barlach, Boccioni, Villon, Brancusi, Gonzales, Epstein, Moore, Lipschitz, and Gabo—to name only some of the leading figures of the older generation—have infused stone, wood, and metal with new force, fire, and daring. And it is more than likely that when time will sift the major from the minors, Constantin Brancusi will emerge as the greatest of them all since Rodin.

For this reason, as well as for the sheer dazzling beauty of his pieces, the first full-scale survey of his art, now current at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum (to January 8; thereafter, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, January 27 to February 26) is one of the memorable exhibitions of recent years.

Oddly enough, Americans, more than Europeans, have long had the best opportunities for seeing Brancusi's revolutionary work. Some were shown at the epochal Armory exhibition of 1913, and in 1914 Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery presented the sculptor's first one-man show anywhere. The Arensberg collection, now installed in the Philadelphia Museum, contains some twenty examples, and the Museum of Modern Art owns five notable pieces. In fact, some 80 per cent of Brancusi's art is in this country—and recently, Brancusi wrote Guggenheim director James Johnson Sweeney, who assembled this show, that "without the Americans, I would not have been able to produce all this, or even to have existed."

It was in America, also, that a Brancusi sculpture became a cause celebre in *Brancusi vs. United States*, 1927, a significant battle for an artist's right to create in his own way. It happened when the government demanded that Edward Steichen, the famed photographer, pay a high customs duty on his Brancusi acquisitions. Art was permitted duty free, but sculptures were officially defined in the tariff act as "imita-

tions of natural objects in their true proportion or length, breadth, and thickness." Therefore, Brancusi's pieces, near-abstractions, were on this basis considered commercial wares for which the government demanded payment based, paradoxically, on their evaluation as art objects.

The test piece, included in the Guggenheim exhibition, was *Bird in Flight*, probably the most famous Brancusi. Even to laymen, it is the image and symbol of modernism in art, and it has fathered a host of streamlined design adaptations. The prosecutor jeered at the piece. Several conservative sculptors testified to its unworthiness. Jacob Epstein came from England to defend it with logic and eloquence, and Steichen, Frank Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, Henry McBride, then art critic for the *New York Sun*, were among the defenders. Judge Wait's liberal decision in favor of Brancusi declared that "the object now under consideration is . . . beautiful and symmetrical in outline, and while some difficulty might be encountered in associating it with a bird, it is nevertheless pleasing to

look at and highly ornamental, and as we hold under the evidence that it is the 'original production of a professional sculptor . . . we sustain the project and find that it is entitled to free entry. . . ."

It is worth recalling that five years later, another major artist won in a New York trial a victory for the freedom of the creative mind: in *United States vs. "Ulysses"*. Joyce and Brancusi were friends. In the exhibition, a swift, brilliant drawing of the author links the two celebrated cases.

For half a century Brancusi, an aloof individual, has lived and worked quietly in a Paris teeming with the battlelines and manifestoes of the modern movements. He was born in a town in southern Romania on February 21, 1876, and trained in a school of industrial art as a cabinet maker. In 1902, he received a scholarship to the Bucharest Academy. There he won first prize for a male nude so carefully modeled that the government acquired it for an anatomical model for a medical school. Drifting to Munich and Zurich, he finally settled in Paris in 1904.

Here he was deeply stirred by Rodin's work, but when the aged giant, impressed by the youth's talent, invited him to work in his studio, Brancusi refused. "Nothing is grown beneath great trees," he

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replied, and this independence of spirit has remained the hallmark of his work. By 1906 he had produced the subtle, harmonious structure and poetic mood of *Ancient Figure*, and the bold simplicity of *The Kiss*. By 1912, with *Bird* and *Maiastira*—a mythical Romanian bird—and the memorable *Mademoiselle Pogany*, he hit his stride as a major and brilliantly original artist.

The gist of Brancusi's art—but not the haunting drama and beauty of the objects themselves—may be summed up as precision, clarity, and simplicity of harmonious, non-naturalistic form, compactly organized and controlled to evoke and express inward, poetic content. Like all true sculptors, he is gifted with an amazing response to material, to the texture and weight of wood, the purity of marble, the gloss of highly polished bronze. His sense of balance, rhythm, and proportion is both deeply discreet and subtle, and at the same time immediately thrilling and forceful to the perceptive eye. He dominates material, evoking from it a particular vision, yet retains its organic shape and character. And his best creations possess the dazzling delight of a fresh vision. "When we are no longer children," he declared, "we are already dead."

The fusion of outer form and inner meaning meant a revolt against naturalism, and a ruthless concentration on eliminating extraneous details in order to arrive at the ultimate meaning of an image and the purest beauty of form.

"Beefsteak" is his contemptuous epithet for nudes in marble or bronze. "What is real is not the external form, but the essence of things. Starting from this truth it is impossible for anyone to express anything essentially real by imitating its exterior surface." Nor is simplicity a mere exploitation of brevity of shape, but the *leitmotif* of his whole expression. "Simplicity is not an end in art, but one arrives at simplicity in spite of oneself by approaching the real sense of things."

To select highlights from among the seventy or so pieces in the exhibition, the fruit of long contemplation and productivity, is a dangerous maneuver. For often, Brancusi creates a number of themes and variations of persistent motifs, and these in turn will receive alternate and equally successful treatment in

wood, marble, or metal. Again, almost all pieces hold infinite appeal, the small, unobtrusive pieces no less than the idol-like large ones.

AMONG the bronze or brass masterpieces there is the gleaming vision of soaring, vertical flight. *Bird in Space*, 1925; the audacious, bold simplification of *Torso of a Young Man*, 1925; the voluptuous sequence of curve in the portrait head of *Mademoiselle Pogany*, 1925.

In marble, there is the memorable, dominating carving, the 71-inch-long *Fish*, 1930. In this astonishing image, terse simplicity of form conveys the gliding motion of swimming, and the veins of the grey marble function as pattern and again as the image of underwater motion. The *Maiastira*, 1912, is all grace and power and purity, and the white marbles become intense, poised, and contrasted with a limestone base.

Brancusi's feeling for wood is like a peasant's passion for land.

Time and again he exalts old oak into awe-inspiring shapes. The tall *King of Kings* literally stops visitors in their tracks as it looms, totem-like, grave, and powerful, a composite of varied forms harmonized into a mystic, majestic idol. The *Adam and Eve*, 1925, fuses erotic shapes, straight line, and swelling roundness, into an amazingly inventive unit. These and others integrate this century's sophistication with the eerie, evocative power of primitive sculpture.

All the pieces seem to breathe the modern spirit. Yet, in actuality, they artfully mingle traditions such as African Negro sculpture, the exotic rhythms of Oriental carving, the still and quiet repose of archaic Greek, with modern inventiveness. Thus, although they are timely, spanking fresh, and new-coined, they can live as well in a room of early Greek sculpture, or in an Eastern temple, as within the bare, pristine, white modernity of the galleries of the Guggenheim Museum.

Theater and Films

Robert Hatch

THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE has been playing "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" for 285 years. It does not grow stale and it does not lose its cutting edge, but neither does it offer new generations much scope for interpretation. Monsieur Jourdain, the would-be gentleman, is as immortal a comic figure as Falstaff, but he is an explicit figure. He prevails because he was drawn—without shadows or ambiguities—to be true for all time. We cannot discuss what Jourdain means to us—he means exactly what Moliere said he meant.

If you cannot interpret, then you may wish to polish, and the production of "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" with which France's national theater opened the first American engagement in its history (Broadway Theater) is polished beyond any pertinent comparison on our contemporary stage. The set is as pure and elegant as though carved in ivory, the costumes sing together, the speech is a miracle of precision and styled characterization (and you can know that without knowing much French), every gesture is

guided by almost three centuries of unbroken tradition, and the stage movement flows like quicksilver.

The effect is a ravishment of the senses; also a removal from contact—the so-perfect picture is behind glass. I do not say that to object. "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" is one of France's most precious state jewels and I am glad to admire it in its case. But Moliere, though he wrote for the court, did not write for the museum and I had expected to meet Monsieur Jourdain on more workaday terms.

ANOTHER success of style—or in this case, perhaps, stylishness—is Enid Bagnold's "*The Chalk Garden*" (Ethel Barrymore Theater). The subject matter of the play is wit, or so it emerges from Albert Marre's cut-glass direction. The play has content as well as sparkle, but Marre took the right course. If he had allowed "*The Chalk Garden*" to ride on its dramatic substance we should have been depressed by Miss Bagnold's disinclination to look very thoughtfully into the melancholy

The NATION

situation she has invented for a play.

A chalk garden is one in which flowers do not thrive and Laurel is a young girl who is not thriving in her grandmother's house. Miss Madrigal, engaged as a companion, has seen little of the world (when the judge comes to lunch, we learn why that was so), but she has a knowledge of soil chemistry and an insight into the process of growth. Once she arrives, the flowers and the girl are understood, but the old gardener is without an avocation.

That is all. You could play it like Shaw—with bad results. But Marre plays it like Wilde, and though it is not Wilde, it is an evening of gratifying persiflage.

The cast beautifully suits the manner. Siobhan McKenna and Fritz Weaver, though young at the game, are quite up to Gladys Cooper's tricks and the three of them bat the lines around with never a time out for missed shots. It is not always possible to catch the meaning as you follow the sport, but the loss of sense is more than made up by the gain in fun.

Siobhan McKenna comes to America on a wave of unrestrained London enthusiasm for her recent St. Joan. Miss Madrigal is not a test for much more than the surface of acting, but the part shows us a handsome, fleet-witted woman with a sure presence and a deadly accurate delivery. Fritz Weaver is a phenomenon these days—a young actor whose strength lies in a stage craft that he has learned and not in a stage personality that he cultivates. Betsy von Furstenberg is more the personality, but Laurel is only the object of the play, and it doesn't much matter how she is performed.

SEVERAL years ago Clifford Odets wrote "The Big Knife" to express his dissatisfaction with the climate of Hollywood. This has now been adapted as a horror comic and brought to the screen with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino, Rod Steiger, and Wendell Corey in the main roles. Drinking, cursing, and throwing himself around his vaulted fieldstone living room, Palance howls that he is an actor with ideals and wants to make great pictures. But Rod Steiger, a producer with young-white hair, blue glasses, a hearing aid, and a trick of bursting into tears, insists that he make lousy pic-

tures and threatens to tell the police about an unsolved homicide if he refuses. Wendell Corey, a secretary-murderer, believes in good studio publicity and is prepared to poison the gin of any little girl (in this case Shelley Winters) who talks too much. Miss Lupino is the star's wife, a normal woman oppressed by the company of psychopaths. She is comforted by a recent graduate of the Yale Dramatic School. You won't believe how it all comes out and I won't tell you.

There must be a side to Hollywood that the fan magazines never mention, but I wonder if this picture exposes what they hide. It plays like a spinster's vision of Gomorrah—a spinster with an instinct for ham acting.

QUITE a few people have told me that "The Trouble With Harry" offends them. They don't approve of a story that treats a corpse with a lack of respect verging on insolence. But folk humor is full of the comic misadventures of the "remains" and, anyhow, Harry is obviously a healthy young actor playing 'possum. He could hardly keep his face straight.

I thought Hitchcock's experiment with farce was passably amusing. A little too pleased with its own cuteness and not as witty as the actors imply by their arch way of swallowing their mots, but still not bad entertainment. It adds nothing to Hitchcock's reputation, but it has been a long time since a Hitchcock movie did that.

Music

B. H. Haggin

NEITHER in Walton's early masterpiece of musical parody, "Facade," nor in the works he produced subsequently when he set himself to be a serious composer, did he operate with original materials. In "Facade" he used various styles of popular and folk music; in the serious works a melange of what he had heard in the concert hall. But whereas in "Facade" he impressed on the borrowed materials a personal wit, in the serious works he has exhibited only an increasing expertness in their assimilation and manipulation; and this is true of the opera "Troilus and Cressida" produced by the New York City Opera Company. From the first moment one hears an impressive mastery in the managing of a large orchestra, chorus, and soloists in the elaborate operation of a grand opera—a mastery which never falters in the task of keeping this operation going, never fails to produce what is needed out of the effective materials

and devices Walton has accumulated in a lifetime's listening. It is a mastery which succeeds—i. e., makes the synthetic operation sound like the real thing—when it involves only orchestra and chorus, but fails with

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the synthetic lyricism for the soloists; and the failure extends to the florid writing that is contrived to characterize Pandarus. And it is a mastery which—to judge from the audience's enthusiasm in City Center—succeeds with the public though it fails with me.

The production offered scenery and costumes by John Boyt that I thought ineptly designed; competent stage direction by Margaret Webster; good dramatic performances by Jon Crain (Troilus) and Norman Kelley (Pandarus) but not by Phyllis Curtin (Cressida), who exhibited the same distracting awkwardness in movement and pose on the stage as in last year's "Salome"; excellent singing by these principals and the rest of the cast; and playing by the orchestra which Rosenstock as usual made too loud for the singing and for the English words that were often indistinguishable even in quiet moments.

The resourcefulness one is aware of in Walton is even more striking in Britten; but in Britten it operates with his own resources or with none. In the first case it produces real music; in the second a pretense of saying something that really says absolutely nothing, like the opera "The Turn of the Screw," which is on London XLL-1207/8, performed by Jennifer Vyvyan, Peter Pears (his voice quavering and exhibiting other losses), and other soloists with a chamber orchestra under Britten.

On the other hand Britten's "Saint Nicolas," a cantata written for a centenary celebration at an English school, is real music that is engaging and at times moving. London LL-1254 offers the performance at the Aldeburgh Festival of 1955, in which Pears, several boy soloists, and various choruses sing with the orchestra under Britten's direction.

And the Britten songs on London LL-1204—"Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo" and "Winter Words" to poems of Hardy—are adequate rather than musically impressive adaptations of his resources to the purposes of the texts, sung by Pears with Britten at the piano.

Mozart's incidental music for the play "Thamos, King of Egypt" K.345, on Epic LC-3158, is pleasantly unimpressive except for two dramatic passages concerned with the "general confusion" at the end of Act 4 and "Thamos's desper-

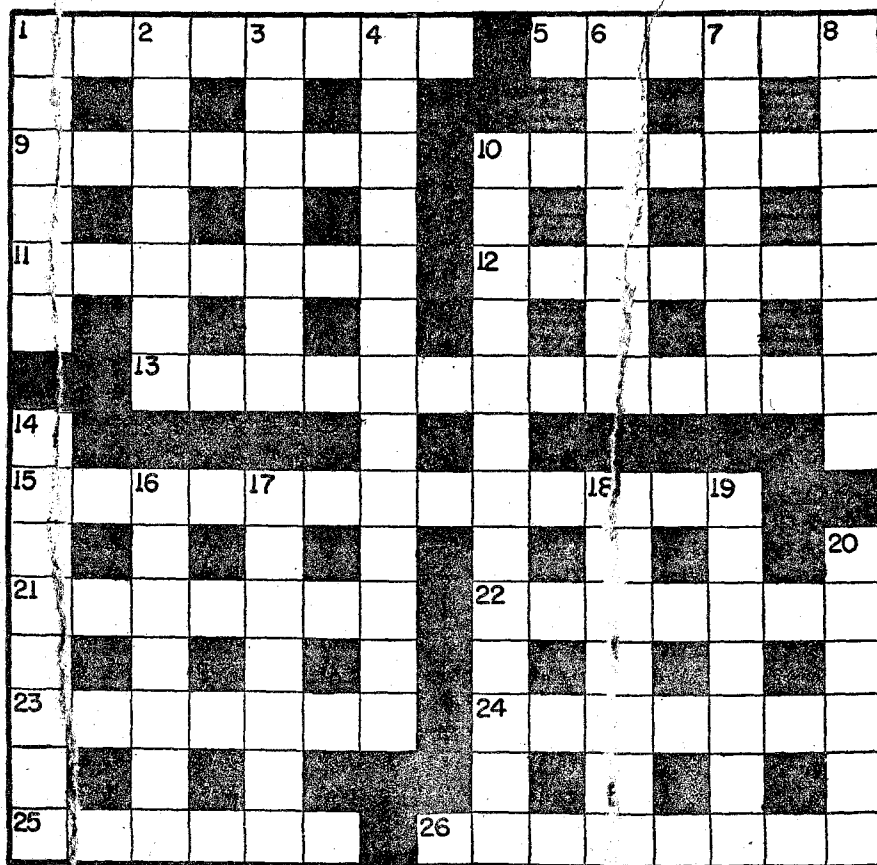
tion, blaspheming, and death" at the end of Act 5.

Vanguard 469 offers excellent singing by Schoeffler with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Prohaska in an excerpt from "L'Africaine," *O tu Palermo* from "I Vespri Siciliani," *M'ardon le tempia* from Simon Boccanegra, and *Wie duftet doch der Flieder* from "Die Meistersinger." The final scene from "Die Walkure" and Amfortas's Monologue from Act 1 of "Parsifal" are also on the record.

The visiting Philharmonia Orchestra of London opened its first concert in Carnegie Hall with a performance of four movements of Mozart's Divertimento K.287—a small-scale performance using a reduced group of strings that had the suavity and finish of von Karajan's style with Mozart, and that exhibited the beautiful playing of the orchestra's strings and its great solo horn, Dennis Brain. Then came a performance of Debussy's "La Mer" which also was low-keyed in sonority and color and exhibited in its delicate sonorities the refinement of execution and tone of the entire orchestra, and in particular the superb brass section. The delicacy and refinement continued in the first three movements of Berlioz's "Symphonie fantastique"; and it was only in the climaxes of the last two movements that von Karajan produced tuttis of maximum orchestral power. In these I didn't hear anything like the sumptuousness and splendor of our great orchestras; but I think this was because most of the strings, including the first violins, were so placed on the stage as to direct their sound to other parts of the hall than halfway down the extreme left aisle where I sat, so that in the big tuttis I couldn't hear them; and I think that if I had heard the strings I would have heard tuttis like those of our orchestras. At this concert, then, which gave me my first experience of the living performances of an orchestra and conductor I had known only from records, the orchestra revealed itself as one of the finest of instruments, and the conductor as someone able to use it well—someone, also, who treated these pieces by Mozart, Debussy, and Berlioz well, operating with a continence and taste that had been conspicuously absent in his recorded performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth.

Crossword Puzzle No. 645

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 20 down Thumbs, side by side, gradually appear- (6,2,6)
- 5 Sometimes in the groove, but a dog might give it! (6)
- 9 One would be practically impossible to dock. (4,3)
- 10 Makes dry humor in association with a form of possession. (7)
- 11 Never tossed about in a soothing way. (7)
- 12 There's no stopping at times unless one does this, but it doesn't imply one rules again. (7)
- 13 Broken down farm hotel, occupied by one who has obviously traveled. (3,2,3,5)
- 15 Iron and heat (along with board) urgently required! (8,5)
- 21 One pip is evidently harsh. (This is somewhat of a distortion.) (7)
- 22 5 across of Zanzibar. (7)
- 23 If they were loud at first, they'd be some parties, though they reputedly speak louder. (7)
- 24 influence a sort of tart performance. (7)
- 25 It's sad, and certainly unpleasant. (6)
- 26 Has this turned the lathe yet? (8)

DOWN

- 1 Mental disturbance which could lead to grief. (6)

- 2 And a disturbance caused by so much French liquor. (7)
- 3 A variation in the text. (7)
- 4 Grease pointers, perhaps, which should indicate more than an occasional drop. (13)
- 6 Efflux. (7)
- 7 One of Millet's people short of ran with glee. (7)
- 8 Is seated opposite to where the setting is. (4,4)
- 10 Provides a measure of personal value on the last row. (5,4,4)
- 14 On which an agent might well reflect. (8)
- 16 Turned out. (7)
- 17 Haydn's are not exactly piquant. (7)
- 18 Just. (7)
- 19 This variety of pear is a rather pretty sort. (7)
- 20 See 1 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 644

ACROSS: 5 REEDRUTH; 9 CARACUL; 10 SIFTING; 11 FINISHING SCHOOL; 12 LESIONS; 13 SKIMMED; 14 ARRAYED; 20 CORRESPONDINGLY; 21 PADRONE; 22 ANIMATO; 23 SYSTEMS; 24 EUGENIE. DOWN: 1 TACTFUL; 2 ERRANDS; 3 and 1 across ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT; 4 TALLIES; 5 RESIGNS; 6 DEFECTIVE WIRING; 7 UNIFORM; HAGGLED; 14 ACCEPTS; 15 REVEREDOS; 16 DEPRESS; 17 PINNACE; 18 INGRAIN; 19 GUY ROPE.

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